

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the N. O. Picayune.

FUN ON BOARD A STEAM BOAT.

Playing a Strong Game with a Poker Player.

Not long since a gambler had a game played on him by the deck hands and firemen on board one of our Western steamers—a game even stronger than that played by our second Municipality on this class of the community in New Orleans.

It seems that he had made out to "strike up a small game" of poker with some of the deck hands, and that by dint of cheating, putting up the cards, and other tricks known only to those up to and who make a living by "handling the papers," he had transferred nearly all the surplus revenue from their pockets into his own. He "cut and shuffled" to all appearance fair for some time, but was finally caught at some trick which at once led the honest steamboat men into the secret of "how the thing was done," and proved that they had lost their money by any other way than the "clean thing."

The game, as a matter of course, was "blacked" at once, and a demonstration immediately made that the gambler should fork over his ill-gotten gains. This he flatly refused to do—said that he had won the money fair, and that he was very clear of parting with what he had come honestly by. They still persisted, and he still refused.

The boat at length stopped to wood when the men, finding it useless to attempt regaining their money by fair means, resorted to a plan which the gambler undoubtedly thought foul. Having gained the consent of the engineer to use the engine for a short time, they forthwith put a plan in execution—a plan rather bordering on that code of laws generally known as coming under the especial jurisdiction of Judge Lynch.

In the first place, made one end of a rope fast round the neck of the wondering gambler, while the other was tied to the end of the piston rod, allowing him only two or three feet slack. They told him that unless he shelled out their money instantly they would work the engine, and at the same time that they were not responsible for any injuries he might sustain. Loin to give up his gains the fellow cast one look at the new system of extortion, coolly calculated his chances and then told them "they might work away and be d—d."

No sooner said than done; and the gambler was immediately seen first chasing the piston rod up and down, and then backing out of its way. His eye all the time was as firmly set upon the rod as ever that of Herr Cline of Gabriel Ravel was upon the tight rope. After working him forward and back several times, one of his tormentors asked him,

"Don't you think it best to hand over?"

"Don't bother me," retorted the gambler.

"You'll get sick of that fun," said another of the boatmen, as he was following the piston rod up in the attitude of a bear.

"Not as you know on," rejoined the gambler as he backed out of its way.

In this way they ran upon the poor fellow for some time, he still manifesting an unwillingness to give up his spoils. By this time all the cabin passengers had heard of the fun going on below, and went down to witness it. After a few moments respite the engine was again set in motion, and the gambler along with it. The laugh from the bystanders was boisterous and hearty in the extreme as the poor fellow, intent upon nothing but his own safety, followed the piston rod up to prevent his neck being jerked off, and then backed out of its way to avoid being fairly ran over and crushed. We can liken his looks and actions to nothing save an old bear being dragged by a chain up to some point against his will and backing out the moment a foot of slack was given him; or else to a savage and hungry bull dog with a rope round his neck, fiercely endeavoring to get at some prey and then being dragged back the moment his mouth was opened to secure it.

"Fire, and fall back," was heard from an individual in the crowd.

"Root hog, or die," came from another.

"Twig him—only look!" says one.

"Here he goes, there he goes," said a second.

"Ha ha, he he, hi hi, ho ho," laughs another.

"Aint he in a pretty fix?" cried still a third.

"Serves him right," says a fourth.

"Good enough for him," said a fifth, the piston rod all the while keeping him in full exercise, with the perspiration rolling down his cheeks in streams.

"Aint you most ready to hand over now?" said one of the plucked deck hands.

"Don't bother me, I say, you'll put me out," retorted the gambler. "If you do I'll lose my lick."

"Wont you give up the money?" said another of those he had fleeced.

"If I do, I do; but if I do, I'm d—d," continued the companion of the rod. "I've got the hang of this game—understand the principles of this machinery now, and you may work me from one end of the Mississippi to the other before I'll give up the first red cent—that you may."

The gambler was worked in this way until the boat was ready to start, without flinching or showing any disposition to give up. Considering that they had got the worth of their money out of him in the shape of fun, and that he had worked hard and afforded sufficient amusement to more than compensate for their odd bits and picayunes, the engine was stopped and the man let loose.

After puffing, blowing, and wiping the perspiration from his face, the gambler looked at his tormentors with a self-satisfied air, and exclaimed, "You can't come to over this child with any of your common games. I've stood three pluck one too often to be bluffed off even if there be forty against me. Any time you want to get up another game, and there's any thing to be made by it, I'm your man."

The boat was soon under way and all hands adjourned to their respective callings.

DAVID PORTER, Esq., minister of the United States at the Court of Turkey, and Mr. PORTER, United States consul at Constantinople, sailed from Boston for Smyrna, on Tuesday, the 22d ult. in the ship Hamilton.

The Angora cat has one eye blue and the other yellow; and yet, notwithstanding they differ so much, they never fall out.

The subjoined story will show that amidst all the despotism of the Government under the Venetian Aristocracy, and amidst the familiarity with deeds of violence and bloodshed, which every day's history tended to increase, there were still events capable of awakening horror in the minds of the people, and creating religious feelings so strong as to perpetuate solemnities, for the benefit of succeeding generations. The tale is one of atrocity, showing the danger of a sentence of guilt under mere presumptive evidence, but it is probable that in its consequence, as here described, it was abundantly salutary in after times.

MARCOLONI—A TALE OF VENICE.

It was midnight; the great clock had struck, and was still echoing through every porch and gallery in the quarter of St. Mark, when a young citizen, wrapped in his cloak, was hastening home from an interview with his mistress. His step was light, for his heart was so. Her parents had just consented to their marriage, and the very day was named. "Lovely Giulietta!" and shall I call the mine at last? Who was ever so blessed as thy Marcoloni? But, as he spoke, he stopped; for something was glittering on the pavement before him. It was a scabbard of rich workmanship, and the discovery, what was it but an earnest of good fortune? "Rest thou here!" he cried, thrusting it gaily into his belt, "if another claim thee not, thou hast changed masters!" and on he went as before, humming the burden of a song which he and his Giulietta had been singing together. But how little he knew what the next moment will bring forth! He turned by the church of St. Germiniano, and in three steps he met the watch. A murder had just been committed. The Sanitor Ronaldi had been found dead at his door, the dagger left in his heart; and the unfortunate Marcoloni was dragged away for examination. The place, the time, every thing served to excite, to justify suspicion; and no sooner had he entered the guard house than an evidence appeared against him. The bravo in his flight had thrown away his scabbard; and, smeared with blood—with blood not yet dry—it was now in the belt of Marcoloni. Its patriotic ornaments struck every eye; and when the dagger was produced and compared with it, not a doubt of his guilt remained. Still there is in the innocent an energy, and a composure when they are silent, to which none can be altogether insensible; and the judge delayed for some time to pronounce the sentence, though he was a near relation of the dead. At length, however, it came, and Marcoloni lost his life, Giulietta her reason. Not many years afterwards, the truth revealed itself, the real criminal in his last moments confessed his crime, and hence the custom in Venice, a custom that has long prevailed, for a criminal to cry out in court before a sentence was passed, "Ricordatevi del povero Marcoloni!"—Remember the Marcoloni! Great, indeed, was the lamentation throughout the city, and the judge, dying, directed that henceforth and for ever a mass should be sung every night in the ducal church for his own soul and the soul of Marcoloni, and the souls who had suffered by an unjust judgement. Some land on the Brenta was left by him for that purpose; and still is the mass sung in the chapel; still, every night, when the great square is illuminating, and the casinos are filling fast with the gay and the dissipated, a bell is rung as for a service, and a ray of light is seen to issue from a small Gothic window that looks towards the place of execution, the place where on a scaffold Marcoloni breathed his last.

[Roger's Italy.]

"Father, had'n't you better take a Sheep too?"—A valuable friend and an able farmer, about the time that the temperance reform was beginning to exert a healthful influence in this country, said to his newly hired man:

"Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you when I hired you, that I think of trying to do my work this year without rum; how much more shall I give you to do without?"

"Oh," said Jonathan, "I don't care much about it, you may give me what you please."

"Well," said the farmer, "I will give you a sheep in the fall, if you will do without."

"Agreed," said Jonathan.

The eldest son then said, "Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without rum?"

"Yes, Marshall, you shall have a sheep if you will do without."

The youngest son, a stripling, then said, "Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without?"

"Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep also, if you will do without."

Presently Chandler speaks again:

"Father, had'n't you better take a sheep too?"

This was a poser; he hardly thought he could give up the "good creature" yet. But the appeal was from a source not to be easily disregarded. The result was the demon was thenceforth banished from the premises, to the great joy and ultimate happiness of all concerned.—*Illinois Temperance Herald.*

Great Britain and America.—The New York Star observes: "From the information we have derived from intelligent gentlemen arrived in the Great Western, we learn that among the people of England, the government and all classes, the idea of going to war with this country, is deemed perfectly preposterous; that rather than it should take place, they would see the whole territory sunk into the ocean; that they look upon it as a border dispute, in which the feelings of the two countries are not involved; and that, as it is a mere question of land, and not of honor, it may be easily adjusted, and cannot in any way lead to hostilities between two great and kindred nations, whose hearts and interests are indissolubly united."

Boston is famous for notions.—New York for wealth, enterprise, foreigners, gentlemen and loafers.—Philadelphia for Quakers, neatness, pretty women, and good beer.—New Orleans for coffee and pistols.—Cincinnati for hogs.—and Washington City for a set of hungry office-seeking pests, sans money, sans brains, sans every thing but impudence.

A rugged countenance often conceals the warmest heart; as the richest pearl sleeps in the roughest shell.

TAX ON BACHELORS.—A memorial has been presented to the legislature of Pennsylvania, praying that a tax may be laid on all single gentlemen over the age of twenty-five years.

Compositors in a printing office are curious chaps. They love bread and cheese, turkey, ham, veal, turtle, porter, juleps, cigars and in fact every thing good except pi—that they hate as they do the—lack of copy.

"Here's an out," said we last night while correcting proof—"why don't you take more pains, I have pains enough already," said one of them, "judging from the way my back feels."

"But speaking of the out said we.

"Well, 'speak of the out—what then? I wish I was out—I'm nearly tired to death."

"Well sit down and work," replied we.

"I like that—can a man be a setting up when he is sitting down? Spect not.

And so it runs on—you can't get a rational word from any of them—they are fuller of puns than a dog is of—frolic, and bother us nearly to death. We want all the puns to ourselves, but they won't permit it.

Take another specimen.

"Tom, is your form ready to be locked?"

"Oh yes, ready two hours ago."

"How two hours ago? you had a column to set then."

"I know it, and there's half a column now wanting."

"Thought you said your form was ready to be locked."

"So my form is—maybe you don't know what I mean by locking my form."

"It seems not, said we, for you whip the devil of sense so round the stump, that we can't catch it no how."

"I lock my form with a good sleep—all the rolling in the world wouldn't make an impression. I'm a perfect case then, for sleep, they say is typical of death. Sometimes I require a composing stick, to make all right."

"What's that?"

"A long nine with some fire at the end of it—there's no error about that for a space of time—if there is give me proof and I'll correct it."

N. O. Times.

A Sailor's Wedding.—A tar just returned from sea, met one of his female acquaintances. He was so overjoyed that he determined to marry her; but at the altar the parson demurred, as there was not cash enough between them to pay the fees; upon which Jack offered a few shillings, saying, "never mind, brother, marry us as far as it will go."

RULING—PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.—An old stage owner, being at the point of death, called his eldest son into his presence, to hear his last instructions.

"Jim," said he, "I've got to go! And now, hear my dying speech. Run that blasted 'Opposition Line' to H—H!"

COUNTING-HOUSE ALMANAC. FOR THE YEAR 1839.

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JANUARY,		6	7	8	9	10	11
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
FEBRUARY,		3	4	5	6	7	8
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28		
MARCH,		3	4	5	6	7	8
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
APRIL,		7	8	9	10	11	12
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30				
MAY,		5	6	7	8	9	10
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
JUNE,		2	3	4	5	6	7
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30						
JULY,		7	8	9	10	11	12
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
AUGUST,		4	5	6	7	8	9
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
SEPTEMBER,		1	2	3	4	5	6
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30					
OCTOBER,		6	7	8	9	10	11
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
NOVEMBER,		3	4	5	6	7	8
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
DECEMBER,		1	2	3	4	5	6
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				

GROCERIES.

CHARLES F. OLDECOP respectfully announces to the public generally, that they have opened a Grocery and Provision Store in their new house, on the North side of the Public Square, where they will be glad to receive and accommodate their friends. The following comprises a portion of their stock, to wit:—

Brown Sugar, Cinnamon, Cloves, Nutmegs, Allspice, Black Pepper, Rice Ginger, Starch, Sperm Candles, Shaving Soap, Bar Soap, Cayenne Pepper, Mustard, Gun-flints, Lead and Shot, Rifle Powder, Percussion caps, Lemon Syrup, Old Madeira, (put up for family use.) Tobacco, (assorted,) &c.

Also, on hand, an assortment of MEDICINES, viz: Sulphur, Castor Oil, Soda Powders, Seidlitz, Calomel, Rhuibar, Jalap, Hartshorn, Coperas, Indigo, Copal Varnish, Spts. Turpentine, Opium, Cream Tartar, Writing Ink, Indelible "ALSO,

Writing and Letter Paper, Quills, Sand, Spelling books and Wafers. Tinware, of all descriptions. Crockery,—Cups and Saucers, Plates, bowls, Pitchers, &c., &c.

Spanish and Common Segars,—and many other articles, too numerous to mention.

Liberty, Oct. 11, 1838. 41

THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI, ANTE COUNTY, ss.

Probate Court, March Term, 1839.

To all persons interested in the following Real Estate of KISTAH HICKS, deceased—GREETING:

YOU are hereby cited to be and appear before the Probate Court of Ante County, on the FOURTH MONDAY IN MAY next and shew cause, if any you can, why the same should not be sold, viz: Lot No. 3, in Square No. 1, on the Map or Square of the Town of Liberty, containing One Half Acre of Ground.

WITNESS the Hon. John Walker, Judge of the Probate Court of said County, the 4th Monday of March, 1839.

ISSUED 26th March, 1839.

S. R. DAVIS, Clk. Prob.

March 28, 1839. 13w6

LIBERTY HOTEL.

THIS old and well known stand, formerly kept by Mr. Whitney, has been re-purchased by him and Mr. Anderson. In future it will be kept by them, under the direction of the former, who will devote his undivided attention to it, rendering it in all respects what it should be, a comfortable retreat for all. His experience in a public line is well known—it enables him to say, without fear of disappointment, to all, you will be as comfortably entertained at the Liberty Hotel as you can be anywhere. Horses will be carefully attended to—

—we have commodious stables where we can accommodate drovers and others who may call with every thing in that line—plenty of provender. As for our table, beds, and other things appertaining to the Hotel, we say they are good, but do not take our word for it, come and try and judge for yourselves.

And then, our Liquors too, try and you'll swear, "Your better you've not found any where; We have Old, delicious Cider, here; Rich to the taste, and as the amber, clear; Wine too we have, of all the better sort, Madeira, Claret, Tenerife and Port. We've high proof spirits, Gin and Brandy rich; And Whiskey, old Monongahela and Peach. Of these men need not speak, for we defy them To tell how good they are before they try them."

The undersigned have also lately purchased stand the known as McDowell's Tavern. In adding this spacious house, yard, stables, &c. to their other accommodations, they can say their means are more ample than any before ever could boast of in Liberty for the reception of customers and the public. Owing to this arrangement they are able also to accommodate many boarders in addition to the number they are now accommodating.—They say to the public, we solicit your patronage.

M. M. WHITNEY, J. C. ANDERSON.

Liberty, Feb. 10, 1838. 8—11.

PROSPECTUS OF THE WEEKLY PICAYUNE.

In consequence of the popularity which our daily paper has gained in all sections of the country, and the numerous demands we are receiving from all quarters for a weekly journal, we have determined on starting one of that description, to be entitled the "THE WEEKLY PICAYUNE."

To adopt the same figurative style used in our first prospectus, we have fitted out the "Picayune" for more distant voyages, and freighted her with all sorts of notions in the shape of *readables*; and if the same success attends her which she has met with while coasting nearer home, we shall doubtless receive rich returns.

To prepare our little craft for the more extended sea on which she is destined to move, we have put on her many additions and improvements. Some of her old timbers have been taken out and replaced by new—she has a greater measurement fore and aft, a greater length of beam, and her sheets have been materially enlarged.

Notwithstanding the increased size, the public may rest assured that the "Picayune" will be enabled to work in *shoal water* with the same facility as heretofore, and form channels of communication which it would be folly for the dull heavy vessels at present sailing this port to navigate.

Commission merchants and others having freight in the shape of advertisements ship off for the country trade, would do well to send them on board our clipper, as she is up for every city in the U. States, and all intermediate landings.

We reiterate to those fanatical pirates who cruise under the black flag—who oppose slavery because they are themselves the slaves of ignorance and superstition—who pretend to rub clean the upper decks of their neighbors with a holy stone—we say look out for breakers.

To Hotel keepers we recommend our paper; in every engagement her commander will be first to lead on the boarders!

To the Heads of Families the trim appearance of our craft will be an object of interest. Most married folks have experienced the effects of *light-sparring*.

We shall endeavor to make those smugglers, the Bachelors, leave to—show them the advantages of the proper "*companionway*," recommending a double state-room, with *births*, &c.

We shall send our boat aboard Theatricals and other amusements; those pretty pleasure-boats, which make our passage over the lake of lake so delightful. Dancing we shall especially encourage; as we conceive that the safety of a vessel often depends upon keeping both *pumps* going.

On first launching the "*Picayune*" we promised to carry a *press of sail* in case we were warranted by a *sate from the press*. Through all the storms which have raged since she first sailed she has borne up under full *sales*, without ever being taken aback, and is now ranked A. 1. at all the insurance and other offices of the city. Our *policy* still holds good, and we never intend it shall *run out*.

Dropping our figure, and returning to plain language, we will now add that we intend to make the *Picayune* a vehicle of fun, wit, humor and sentiment, and a little of every thing that's going on. It shall be our delight to crack jokes, to tell stories in our own way, to ridicule folly, and to correct the manners of the age by exciting laughter against them. In this, however, we shall endeavor to avoid that licentiousness which vainly seeks to benefit the public by wounding the feelings of individuals.

A portion of our paper will be occupied with comprehensive notices of all passing events—giving the pith of the news of the day, without burdensome details.

We eschew partisan politics; yet we shall continue to express our opinions impartially on all public measures. Follies in government as well as in social life are open to ridicule; and when the humor seizes us, we shall not spare them, on whichever party the censure may fall.

All local occurrences of general interest shall be promptly noticed, so that our distant readers may see at a glance the miniature world which is congregated in the emporium.

With this *expose* of our intentions, and determined to endeavor with unremitting industry to fulfill them, we look with confidence for a continuance of that patronage which has hitherto been so cordially extended to us.

The "*Weekly Picayune*" will be published every Monday morning, at \$5 00 per annum, payable in all cases in advance; and will contain four additional columns, embracing all the news of the week, with whatever of